

# Lake Superior Blue, by Ron Weber

The lure of an outdoor life is that one never knows when they will experience something that changes the way they look at the world around them, something they will never forget. I had such an unexpected happening while muzzleloader deer hunting one crisp, cloudless mid-October day on one of Lake Superior's Apostle Islands.

As I stalked through the majestic hemlock hardwood forest on the north end of Oak Island I reached a high bluff looking out over the lake. Up until that moment I thought I knew what the color blue looked like. The view from my vantage point high above the seemingly endless expanse the Ojibwe refer to as gichi gami changed that notion. The blue of the sky was memorable enough and could be expressed as azure if one wished to be poetic.

I can think of no words, however, to describe the blue of that water that still shimmers in my mind's eye. Maybe no fancy words are needed. I think it may be enough to simply say it was beautiful. Indeed, it was.



Erika Lambert



Michael DeWitt



Peggy Carter